THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

—UTILE DULCI.—

Vol. III. *Saturday, February* 18, 1797. No. 107.

WILLIAM:—Or, *THE UNFORTUNATE.*

[*Being the* CONCLUSION *of the* FRAGMENT, *entitled,* "THE DYING PARENT."]

Ah me! when ſinks the heart by *griefs* depreſt,
And *Hope* denies her balmy ſoothing ſweet,
And buſy *Memory* wrings the bleeding breaſt;
Then, ſurely *then* is wretchedneſs complete.

MRS. FAUGERES.

A Few days after this he waited on me. He looked ſomewhat better than when I laſt ſaw him; and by my requeſt, related his ſorrowful hiſtory as follows:

My name is William S——. I was the delight of my parents, who are rich. I had one brother—that brother has been the cauſe of all my misfortunes. But to proceed. When I was at the age of ſixteen, a houſe near us, happened by ſome means to be on fire. We were alarmed; it was late in the evening. My brother and myſelf ran in order to help the unhappy ſufferers. It was at the riſque of my life that I entered. The family were aſleep. In the firſt room I came to, I ſaw a beautiful young woman. I awaked her. She was much terrified, haſtily wrapped herſelf in the coverlid, and I helped her out. My brother was ſtill ſtanding at the door. I conſigned her to his care to conduct her to my father's, while I went to relieve her parents, who, ſhe ſaid, were aſleep in the ſtory above. I endeavoured to go up the ſtair-caſe, but it was all on fire. I hollowed. A dreadful groan, which ſeemed to proceed from an almoſt lifeleſs perſon, was the only anſwer I received.

I again endeavoured to force my way up, and after running into great danger effected it. But what did I behold—in the firſt room a man lay dead, I could ſee another perſon there, and concluded that the woman had eſcaped. I ſearched another room, where the fire had juſt entered. I there found the young woman's mother, who had attempted to go down ſtairs, and finding it impoſſible, had gone back. She was lying on the floor, but there not appearing any marks of fire about her I thought ſhe might be in a fainting fit. I had ſome hartſhorn drops in my pocket, and I applied them ſo effectually that ſhe ſoon opened her eyes. I entreated her to fly. She replied, "I have a daughter "ſomewhere in the houſe, go, ſave her." I told her that was already done, and urged her to make haſte, as the flames were then ſpreading round the apartment. I led her out—but Oh! I ſaw no means of eſcaping, the way that I came before was now on fire. We were near the front of the houſe. I opened a window, and called to the people without to put up a ladder quickly, or we ſhould be burnt up. A ladder was ſoon procured, and raiſed up to the window. I then turned round in order to help her out. I could ſee her not. I called, but received no anſwer. I ventured back to the room where I firſt ſaw her—ſhe was not there.

My own ſafety depended on my immediate flight; I ran again to the window—the ladder was gone—the flames were juſt behind me. I threw myſelf out.

The fall deprived me of my ſenſes, which I did not recover till next day. The firſt perſon I ſaw was the young woman I had reſcued from the fire. I knew her immediately and was ſmitten with her beauty.

I conceived a ſincere eſteem for Anna, (which was the young woman's name,) and had the ſatisfaction to perceive I was not ſlighted by her. My brother had poſſeſſed himſelf her admirer. But ſhe did not countenance him. He ſoon found out that we loved each other, and determined to be revenged on us. Anna, was, through his means, ordered to depart the houſe, ſhe told me that my father had given orders for her to remove. I gave her what money I had, which ſhe received with tears. I hired lodgings for her, and as my father would not conſent to our union, I married without his knowledge. My brother ſoon diſcovered it, and informed my father of my diſobedience.

I was with my Anna one evening, when a letter was delivered me, which the bearer ſaid, required no anſwer. I opened it with a trembling hand, for by the addreſs, I perceived it was my father's writing. It contained only the following words:

"SIR,

"As I am informed you have acted contrary to my "will in marrying Anna, I command you never more "to appear before me.

SAMUEL S——"

Anna ſaw my emotion in reading theſe lines, and aſked me if any thing particular had occurred. I put the letter into her hand. She read it with tears, and ſaid, ſhe was extremely ſorry that ſhe was the cauſe of my loſing my father's favour. But I ſoon ſtopped her, with ſaying, that that expreſſion made her doubly dear to me.

We parted with our lodgings and hired leſs expenſive ones, and for the firſt time I worked as a labourer. With the ſcanty pittance I received, we ſtill made out to live. Eliza was born about a year after. She is the very picture of her mother. Anna inſtructed her. We continued in this way for near eight years, when it pleaſed Heaven to confine me by ſickneſs. We had ſcarcely any thing to ſubſiſt on. Anna was alſo taken very ill. It ſeemed as if it were predetermined we ſhould be miſerable.

The day before my Anna died, I heard that my brother was no more. I had not ſeen my father ſince he forbade me his preſence, and as I was juſt able to walk, I determined to viſit him. I arrived, he was then abſent. I waited his return; he came. "Oh my ſon," ſaid he, "come to theſe arms which have not entwined "thee this many a day. I this morning have endea"voured to find you out, but without effect, and con"cluded that you had ſunk under your misfortunes, by "the cruelty of a parent, and that I was no longer a "father. But Heaven be praiſed that I once more "have the pleaſure of ſeeing you."

I informed my father of the diſtreſſed ſituation of my wife and child. A ſervant was inſtantly diſpatched with neceſſaries for them, and my father would not let me leave him that day. The ſervant that had been ſent to my Anna, had miſtaken his way and could not find where ſhe lived. Still my father inſiſted on my ſtaying with him till next day. The day came, and I beheld my Anna, a lifeleſs corpſe. You, Sir, were then there.

The remains of my beloved partner in affliction were brought to my father's, and interred from thence. He is fully convinced of my brothers perfidious conduct, and loves my little Eliza as if ſhe were his own child. The only thing which mars my happineſs is the loſs of my Anna.

—ꝏꝏꝏ—

VERSES DESIGNED FOR A WATCH CASE.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,
Not urg'd by paſſion, nor delay'd by ſpleen!
But true to Nature's regulating power,
By virtuous acts diſtinguiſh every hour;
Then health and joy would follow as they ought,
The laws of motion, and the laws of thought;
Sweet health, to paſs the preſent moments o'er
And everlaſting joy, when time ſhall be no more.

The BANDITTI; *or, the Hiſtory of Mr.* LOVELL *and* LAVINIA.

A STORY *founded in Fact.*

MR. LOVELL is the ſon of an eminent Italian merchant of London, who gave him a genteel education; but as he was deſigned for buſineſs in the mercantile line, the claſſics did not form the chief part of his ſtudy, though he was not ignorant of them; the more uſeful living languages, ſuch as French, Spaniſh, and Italian, engaged more of his attention than either Greek or Latin.

When he had attained the age of maturity he was placed in his father's counting houſe as head clerk, and conducted the buſineſs in a very ſatisfactory manner for near three years. At the end of this period he went abroad, taking Paris in his way to Italy. In that metropolis he reſided ſome time, without yielding to the extravagant frivolities ſo prevalent in that capital, his chief ſtudy being to cultivate ſuch acquaintance as might be ſerviceable to him in his future purſuits in life.

He then repaired to Italy, which was the principal ſeat of his mercantile connexions. At Florence he was invited to the houſe of one of the moſt capital merchants of that city, with whom he had correſponded for ſome time. After he had ſettled a long and intricate account, which took him up a conſiderable time, he was preparing for his departure to England; but he found an attraction which had no hitherto diſcovered itſelf, in the perſon of the lovely Lavinia, whoſe figure was uncommonly beautiful, and her mental accompliſhments ſtill more engaging. She was the only daughter of ſignor P——i, at whoſe houſe he had continued for near three months, during which period he paſſed the greater part of his time in her company.

Hitherto he had made no other profeſſions, either to Lavinia or her father, than thoſe of friendſhip; he now found that his heart was more deeply engaged in her favour than he had yet conjectured. In fine, he remitted home a conſiderable ſum he had received as the balance of the houſe, and made an excuſe for remaining ſome time longer in Italy.

Mr. Lovell found it in vain any longer to conceal his paſſion, either from himſelf or the amiable fair one who had inſpired it. He now paid his addreſſes to her in form, and finding he raiſed a mutual flame in her boſom, which ſhe did not attempt to diſown, he propoſed making an overture to her father to gain his approbation to offer to Lavinia his hand.

The old gentleman was rejoiced at the propoſal, knowing Mr. Lovell's opulent ſituation in life, his reſpectable character, and amiable diſpoſition. But there was one thing which he judged requiſite, which was, that Mr. Lovell ſhould alſo obtain his own father's conſent to the match. Whilſt affairs were in this ſituation, Mr. Lovell received advice from his principal clerk in London, that Mr. Lovell ſenior had paid the great debt of nature, and bequeathed him, an only and much beloved ſon, all his fortune.

Mr. Lovell's feelings were very acute upon this occaſion, as his father had always behaved towards him with the greateſt paternal fondneſs. It was requiſite for him now to return to England, to regulate his domeſtic affairs, and put his buſineſs in ſuch a train, that his future abſence abroad might be no way prejudicial to his intereſt. However, he diſpatched all theſe matters with the greateſt alacrity, and flew on the wings of love to Florence, where Lavinia impatiently waited his return, and met him with open arms moſt cordially to greet him on his ſafe return.

As there was now no possible impediment to the nuptials, it may be imagined their celebration was not long postponed, and the felicity of the happy pair was perfectly complete.

"Whilst in the circle of her charms he lay,
Whole summers suns rolled unperceiv'd away:
He years for days, he days for moments told,
And was surpris'd to find that he grew old."

In this state of mundane enjoyment, strongly resembling Paradise on earth, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell continued for many successive years, in which time she bore him several children, who promised to be future guarantees of their connubial bliss even in the autumn of life.

They occasionally visited a near relation at a villa a short distance from Florence, and as they had only a wood to pass, they never used any vehicle; but taking a female servant with them to attend the eldest daughter, Mrs. Lovell usually carried the youngest in her arms.

Upon their return one evening from the friendly visit, in crossing the wood, they were suddenly attacked by a *banditti*, who had committed many robberies and murders, but not in that neighbourhood. They had concealed themselves in a ditch, from whence they rushed, and where first perceived by Mrs. Lovell, who flew with her infant in her arms to avoid their barbarity. The maid servant was at some distance, and endeavoured to escape by climbing a tree; but the unfortunate Mr. Lovell had nearly fallen a victim to their outrageous ferocity. Not satisfied with despoiling him of his purse and watch, after knocking him down, they cut and hacked him with sabres, and left him wallowing in his blood for dead.

Luckily his wife met with two peasants at the extremity of the wood, whom she prevailed upon to return, and bring off the unfortunate Mr. Lovell. When he was brought home, the most skilful surgeons in Florence was employed to dress his wounds, and restore so worthy a character to this world, his fond wife, and numerous friends.

They were, for some time, doubtful of his recovery; but their skill, added to his excellent constitution, prevailed over the grim tyrant, and in about three months he was perfectly recovered; but not without bearing some marks of the brutality of the ruffians, who had so wantonly and so barbarously ill treated him.

To the watch which the *banditti* had taken from him, was pendant his wife's miniature picture set in diamonds. This picture they offered for sale to the identical jeweller who had set it; he immediately recognized it, and having heard of the robbery and cruel treatment of his customer, the jeweller, under pretence of examining the diamonds, desired the person who presented the portrait to be seated; and, in the meanwhile, he dispatched a servant to some of the officers of the police: they soon came and seized the ruffian, who, in hopes of clemency, acknowledged the crime he had been guilty of, and pointed out the place of rendezvous of his associates. They were, accordingly, all made prisoners: soon after legally tried, and as legally condemned. They suffered the punishment they merited, and made ample confession of all their former crimes.

Since that time Mr. Lovell, with his endearing bride, and amiable progeny, have enjoyed the most perfect domestic tranquility: Serenity and Content seeming to have fixed their abode under their roof.

—***—

ANECDOTE.

A Lady in Charleston, South Carolina, said, before one of her little girls, that Mrs. T—— (a rosy widow, whom they visited in the next street) was a very good sort of a woman, and a very entertaining companion, when she had not a drop in her eye.

A few days after, Mrs. T—— came to the house, and little Charlotte took more notice of her than she usually did. She stared in her face, indeed, in so pointed a manner, that the lady could not help being desirous of knowing, "what she saw in her countenance to occasion so critical an examination." "I am looking, (replied the child, with a pretty innocent voice) to see if there is A DROP IN YOUR EYE."

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE BARON DE LOVZINSKI
(Continued.)

WHEN the assembly broke up M. de P—— invited me to accompany him to the palace, which his secret emissaries had already prepared for him in the capital.* We shut ourselves up together during several hours, and renewed the promises of a friendship that should endure forever. I then too informed M. de P—— of my intimate connection with Pulaski, and of my love for Lodoiska. He repaid my confidence with more important communications; he informed me of the events which had led to his approaching grandeur; he explained to me his secret designs; and I left him, convinced that he was less occupied with a desire of his own elevation, than with that of restoring Poland to its ancient prosperity.

Possessed with these ideas, I flew towards my future father-in-law, burning with the desire of adding him to the party of my friend. Pulaski was walking at a great pace up and down the chamber of his daughter, who appeared equally agitated with himself.

"Behold," said he to Lodoiska, the moment that he saw me enter, "behold that man whom I esteem, and whom you love! He has sacrificed us both to his blind friendship." I was desirous to reply but he went on—"You have been connected from your childhood with M. de P——. A powerful faction is about to place him on the throne; you know you are acquainted with his designs; this very morning at the diet, you voted for him; you have deceived me:—but do you think that you shall deceive me with impunity?"

I besought him to hear me, and he constrained himself so far as to preserve a stern silence: I then informed him that M. de P——, whom I had for a long time neglected, had agreeably surprised me by his unexpected return.

Lodoiska appeared charmed to hear me commence my justification.—"You shall not deceive me in the same manner as if I were a credulous woman," says Pulaski.—"But it signifies not—proceed.

I then recounted to him the particulars of the short conversation that I had with M. de P—— before I repaired to the assembly of the states.

"And these are your projects!" exclaims he. "M. de P—— sees no other remedy for the misfortunes of his fellow-citizens than their slavery! He proposes this, one of the name of Lovzinski, approves of it; and they despise me so much as to tempt me to enter into this infamous plot! Shall I behold the Russians commanding in our provinces in the name of a Pole?"

"The Russians, say I with fury; the Russians reign in my country!" On this Pulaski, advancing towards me with the greatest impetuosity, cries out: "Perfidious youth! you have deceived me, and you would betray the state! Leave my house this very moment, or know that I shall order you to be dragged out of it!"

I frankly acknowledge that an affront so cruel, and so little merited, disarmed me of my prudence: in the first transports of my fury, I placed my hand upon my sword; and quicker than lightning Pulaski brandished his in the air.

His daughter, his distracted daughter, rushed forward, and precipitated herself upon me, crying out: "Lovzinski, what are you about to do?" On hearing the accents of a voice so dear to me, I recalled my wandering reason; but I perceived that a single instant was about forever to bereave me of my Lodoiska! She had left me to throw herself into the arms of her father. He, cruel man, beheld my grief, and strove to augment it: "Go, traitor!" says he, "be gone—you behold Lodoiska for the last time!"

I returned home in a state of desperation. The odious names which Pulaski had lavished on me, returned unceasingly to my reflection. The interests of Poland, and those of M. de P——, appeared to be so intimately connected together, that I did not perceive in what manner I could betray my fellow-citizens by serving my friend; in the mean time I was obliged either to abandon or renounce Lodoiska forever. What was I to resolve? what part should I take? I passed the whole night in a state of the most cruel uncertainty; and when the day appeared, I went towards Pulaski's house, without yet having come to any determination.

The only domestic who remained there informed me, that his lord had departed at the beginning of the night, with his daughter, after having first dismissed all his people. Think of my despair on hearing this news. I asked to what part Pulaski had retired: But my question was in vain, he informed me that he was certainly ignorant of the place of his destination.

"All that I can tell you," says he, "is that you had scarce gone away yesterday evening, when we heard a great noise in the apartment of his daughter. Still terrified at the scene which had taken place between you, I approached the door and I listened. Lodoiska wept: her furious father overwhelmed her with injuries, bestowed his malediction upon her, and I myself heard him exclaim: 'To love a traitor, is to love one! Ungrateful wretch! I shall conduct you to a place of safety, where you shall henceforth be at a distance from seduction.'"

Could I any longer doubt the extent of my misery? I instantly called for Boleslas, one of the most faithful of my domestics: I ordered him to place trusty spies about the palace of Pulaski, who should bring an account of every thing that passed there; and commanded that if the count returned to the capital before me, he should follow him wherever he went. Having given these instructions, and not yet despairing of still finding the family at one of their seats in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, I myself set out in pursuit of my mistress.

I accordingly searched through all the domains of Pulaski, and asked concerning Lodoiska of all the passengers whom I met, but without success. After having spent eight days in fruitless enquiry, I resolved to return to Warsaw, and I was not a little astonished, on my arrival, to find a Russian army encamped on the banks of the Vistula, almost under the very walls of that city.

It was night when I entered the capital: the palaces of the grandees were all illuminated, an immense multitude filled the streets; I heard the songs of joy; I beheld wine flowing in rivulets in the public squares: every thing announced to me that Poland had a king.

Boleslas, who expected me with impatience, informed me that Pulaski had returned alone on the second day after my departure; and that he had not stirred from his own palace but to repair to the diet, where, in spite of his efforts, the ascendancy of Russia became every day more manifest. "During the last assembly held this very morning," adds he, "M. de P—— united almost all the suffrages in his favour, and was about to be declared king, when Pulaski pronounced the fatal *Veto*: at that instant twenty sabres were brandished in the air. The fierce palatine of ——, whom the count had insulted in the former assembly, was the first to rush forwards, and gave him a terrible wound on the head. Zaremba, and some others, flew to the defence of their friend; but all their efforts would have been unable to have saved him, if M. de P—— had not ranged himself on their side, exclaiming at the same time, that he would sacrifice with his own hand, the first person who dared to approach him. On this the assailants retired. In the mean time Pulaski, fainting with the loss of blood, was carried off the field in a state of insensibility. Zaremba departed also, swearing to avenge his friend. Having thus become master of the deliberations, the numerous partisans of M. de P——, instantly proclaimed him sovereign.

"Pulaski, who had been carried to his palace, was soon restored to life; and the surgeons who attended him, declared that his wounds, although dangerous, were not mortal. In that state, although languishing under the most cruel torments, contrary to the advice of all his friends, he ordered himself to be lifted into his carriage, and before noon he left Warsaw, accompanied by Mazeppa and a few male contents."

It was scarcely possible to have announced worse news to me. My friend was upon the throne, but my reconciliation with Pulaski appeared henceforth impossible, and in all appearance Lodoiska was lost forever. I knew her father so well as to be under apprehension lest he should proceed to extremities with his daughter. I was affrighted at the present, I durst not look forwards towards the future; and my heart was so devoured with chagrin, that I did not go out, even to felicitate the new king.

(To be continued.)

* *The diet for the election of the kings of Poland is held half a league from Warsaw, in the open air, on the other side of the Vistula, near to the Village of Vola.*

PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 18.

The following particulars respecting the release of that sufferer in the cause of Liberty, Thomas Muir, are extracted from an Havannah letter of the 3d December last.

A New-England Captain who arrived at Botany Bay in the beginning of 1796, offered Mr. MUIR his services in any way he conceived they might be useful. Mr. MUIR succeeded in getting on board his vessel, and they proceeded towards the north-west coast of this continent.—Hearing of an English frigate on that coast, the officers of which knew Mr. Muir, he went on board a Spanish schooner for safety, bound to the same part of the coast. In the night the vessels separated in a gale. The Spanish Captain after coasting some time about Nootka, landed Mr. Muir, who wrote to the nearest Spanish officer, then proceeded to St. Blas, and thence by permission of the viceroy to Vera Cruz, experiencing the whole way the most flattering attentions from the inhabitants. He left Vera Cruz for the Havannah in a frigate, on board of which he was very well treated, but on his arrival he was, to his great astonishment, cast into prison, as a foreigner and an Englishman.

—

Thursday last the Legislature of this commonwealth re-elected JAMES ROSS, Esq. of Allegheny county, to represent this state in the Senate of the United States. Messrs. STOKELY and WALLACE were the only Members, west of the Mountains, that voted for Mr. Ross.

—

We are informed that on Sunday morning next, Dr. Priestly intends to deliver a discourse at the College-Hall, in Fourth-street. The receipts on this occasion to be added to the funds of the Philadelphia Society for the relief of distressed emigrants from foreign countries.

—

NEW-YORK, Feb. 15.

A loan of five per cent is now raising at Vienna for the Emperor.

Letters from Vienna, says the London Courier, announce that La Fayette, his wife, and daughter, with La Tour Maubourg, and Bury de Pusy, are about to be sent to Siberia.

—

Attempts have been made to set fire to several houses in Elizabeth-Town, New-Jersey. The house of Mrs. Barber, the one occupied by Mr. Michael Horne, and the barn of Dr. Clarke, have been fired, but timely exertions prevented material injury.

Capt. Parl arrived at Wilmington, N. C. informs, that while he lay at Torla, three Spanish prizes were brought in by British cruisers, on board of one of which, a large ship, was two bishops, twenty-five friars, and two millions of dollars. Two American Captains arrived at St. Thomas's from the Bite of Leogane while Capt. P. lay there, who informed that upwards of 400 American vessels were lying at the Bite and at St. Pierre's, all captured by the French, and many of them condemned, vessels and cargoes.

—

From Italy it is stated, that Buonaparte and the commissaries Garrau and Salicetti, have published a proclamation, bearing, that the Duke of Modena has lost the confidence of France, and that in consequence the people of Modena are placed under the protection of the republic.

—

BALTIMORE, Feb. 14.

Extract of a letter from Leogan, dated January 22, to a gentleman in this city.

"The commissary Sonthonax, is about issuing a proclamation to all the emigrants to return to their homes and apply for their sequestrated property. Mrs. Baudouin, Christ. Sandre, and many others from Jacmel, are at the Cape, waiting on Sonthonax."

Last evening a fire broke out in a back building belonging to Mr. Caleb Hall, in Pratt-street, but was happily discovered and extinguished time enough to prevent any serious consequences. It is attributed to accident.

—

A letter from Captain Bishop of the brig Patriot, of Baltimore, dated Cape Francois, January 14, to a gentleman at Fell's-Point, informs, that on his passage from St. Thomas's to Jean Rabel, (one a neutral, the other a French port) he was captured by a French privateer, and carried into the latter place on the 31st December. The returns of his outward bound cargo (cash) were taken from on board and seals put on the vessels hatches. He had been five days at the Cape remonstrating against their piratical proceedings, but to no purpose. They would listen to no remonstrance, nor suffer him to employ counsel.—The brig had not been condemned, but no prospect existed of her being cleared. *Fraternity with a witness!*

—

Yesterday arrived ship Juliana, captain Hayward, from Hamburgh, but last from Porto-Rico, into which port she was carried, after being within two days sail of Cape Henry, by a French privateer, and detained 8 days. It luckily happened the privateer had no commission, and the Juliana was suffered to depart without further detention.

DULL TIMES.

NO business stirring—all things at a stand,
People complain they have no cash in hand;
"Dull times" re-echoes now from every quarter,
Even from father to the son and daughter.
Merchants cry out, no money to be had,
Retailers say, the times are very bad;
Mechanics work, but they can get no pay,
Beaux dress genteel, and ladies too are gay.
Cash very scarce—plays acted thrice a week—
Business so dull—amusements still we seek,
Some live away, and then perhaps they fail,
While many run in debt and go to jail.
The females must have ribbons, gauze and lace,
And paint besides to smooth a wrinkled face;
Short waist, silk gown, court dress and a new sash—
Dull times indeed my friend!—there is no cash.
The bucks will dress genteel—go to the play,
Sit up all night, and lay a bed all day;
Powder an empty pate, look smart and prim,
Follow each trifling fashion or odd whim.
Four shillings then will buy a good fat goose,
While turkeys too are offer'd fit for use;
The tradesman must have these with beef and veal,
Or else he cannot make a hearty meal.
Are these bad times when persons will profess
To follow fashions and delight in dress?
No; times are good, but people are to blame,
Who spend too much and justly merit shame.

—

CARDS.

WHENCE sprang the accurst love of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day?
Speak, furies, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell?
Is man a thief that steals my pelf?
How great his theft who robs himself!
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat?
How heinous then is self-deceit!
Is murder justly deem'd a crime?
How great his guilt who murders time!

—

MAXIM.

PASSION often makes a fool of a man of sense: sometimes it makes a man of sense a fool.

HYMENEAL COURT.

MARRIED,

—On Thursday evening the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Green, Mr. OBEDIAH STOCKTON, to Miss ELIZA GARRIGUES, daughter of Mr. Samuel Garrigues, all of the Northern Liberties.

—On Thursday morning, the 9th instant, at the Friends Meeting House, JOHN BALDERSON, Esq. of Bucks-County, to the amiable Miss ELIZABETH LANGDON, of this city.

JAMES MOLAN,

SURGEON DENTIST AND MAN MIDWIFE,
No. 7, Prune-street, or Shippen's Alley,

AFTER visiting the principal islands in the West-Indies, where he exercised his Profession, and was employed as a Surgeon, both in the English and French Hospitals, has returned to Philadelphia. He cleans, scales, and makes artificial Teeth; performs every operation in the human Mouth, extracts teeth and stumps with peculiar ease.

N. B. The poor may have his assistance gratis.

Jan. 21.

LEWISBURG, or *TARS-TOWN.*

FOR SALE, a lot of Ground, clear of ground rent, situate in Lewisburg (commonly called Tars town) on the south west branch of the Susquehanna. Said lot is the corner of Water and St. Lewis streets—it is an eligible situation for any kind of business. For further information apply at the office of the Philadelphia Minerva. Jan. 28.

Court of Apollo.

—***—

THE APPARITION.

WHILST silence gave new horrors to the night,
And the dim taper burn'd with blueish light,
When spectres pale from gloomy tombs repair,
I heard a solemn step ascend the stair,
Majestic, slow, as ghosts are wont to do,
And coming nearer prov'd my fancy true:
Nearer the sound, my fears increas'd the more,
When three loud knocks came thund'ring at the door,
The door, responding to some great degree,
Flew ope—and pray, good, sir what did you see?
With meagre face a tall thin figure stood,
Shaking his grisly locks with ruefu' mood,
And by the shake betray'd some unknown plight,
Seeming to hint that all things were not right;
A shaggy coat was on his body cast,
And a broad leathern girdle clos'd his waiste;
A tall black staff he bore in his right hand,
Which seem'd to be an ensign of command,
In th' other hand a pale flame, which every way
From a round body shot a sable ray:
That is surprising sir, but pray go on.
With solemn beck he bade me follow down:
I went, it left me, pointing at the door,
And bellow'd through the street with hidious roar—
'Tis wonderfull but did it not confess
Something by which its meaning you could guess?
I did; for 'twas—*the watchman come to show*
That all my doors, were open left below.

—***—

VERSES ON THE ART OF WRITING, BY A LADY.

BLEST be the man! his memory at least,
Who found the art, thus to unfold his breast;
And taught succeeding times an easy way,
Their secret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle absence, and secure delight,
Which till that time was limited to sight.
The parting farewel spoke, the last adieu,
The lessening distance past, then loss of view,
The friend was gone, which some kind moments gave,
An absence separated like the grave
When for a wife the youthful patriarch sent,
The camels, jewels, and the steward went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and slow,
But not a line that might the lover show.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had she known of melting words, the charms
That under secret seals in ambush lie,
To catch the soul, when drawn into the eye,
The fair Assyrian had not took his guide,
Nor her soft heart in chains of pearl beauty'd.

—***—

ANECDOTE.

AN English and Scotch officer quarrelled about party affairs, the day before the battle of Fontenoy was fought; a challange was given by the latter, and they were to have met the next morning, but, in the interim, they received orders to be ready at break of day, as the action would then take place; whereupon they mutually agreed, for the honour of their country, to postpone the decision of their private affair of honour, till after the battle, as they owed their lives in the first instance to their country. In the course of the conflict, the Scotch officer escaped from the most imminent danger, and the English officer, who was his private antagonist, preserved his life at the risque of his own.—Nevertheless, after the campaign, the Scotch officer insisted upon satisfaction. They fought, and he again owed his life, which he was obliged to beg, being disarmed, to the generosity of his adversary. The Scotch officer, now convinced of his antagonist's greatness of mind, dropt all farther resentment: on the contrary, the most cordial friendship took place between them, and they were, amongst their acquaintance, styled the modern *Pylades* and *Orestes*.

THE FAIR HIBERNIAN;

A TURKISH TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

WHEN we had been a short time in that city, I was one morning much surprised by Madame Piaffer, who desiring me to attend her in her closet, said, that as I was now arrived at the years of discretion, she would unfold to me a secret, which had been long and faithfully kept: she then proceeded to inform me, that I must no longer look upon Mr. Dalton as my uncle: that in fact I was in no degree related to him, being a foundling child, whom he had taken from motives of charity, that his fondness for me in my infancy had increased with my years, and that every time he had seen me in Italy had added to it; therefore I might expect the most unbounded opulence from the passion and generosity of my guardian, whose fortune she ascribed as immense.

I was so shocked and confounded by this discourse, that instead of answering her, I rushed out of the room, and was stopped at the door by Mr. Dalton, who caught me in his arms, and after a fervent embrace, brought me back to the sofa, from whence the lady retreated and left us together,

Here he, in the strongest terms, made a declaration of his passion; my refusal of him was expressed in terms equally strong: a scene of struggling and altercation ensued, when, upon his proceeding to take liberties, I shrieked with great vehemence, and at that instant, the youth I mentioned, rushed into the closet with his sword drawn, and, in the English language commanded him to unhand me. This command was immediately complied with, and Dalton attacked him with a fury, which gave his opponent an opportunity to disarm him in an instant.

"Madame Piaffer had now joined us, and seemed greatly surprised at what had happened: she lectured Mr. Dalton upon his behaviour, which he said, had arisen from the ebullitions of the moment of intoxication, which my resistance, and the subsequent events had dissipated: he craved my pardon, and stretched out his hand, in friendship to the youth that had assailed him; which action, in some degree, influenced my forgiveness, and as my situation was such, that I had no retreat, I was prevailed on to pass over this outrage for the present

"My protector, I observed before, I had frequently seen, and indeed, that I could not speak to him unobserved by Madame, was the reason that made me repine at her close attention, of which your highness took notice.

"Unfortunate Frederick! A martyr to love and benevolence: will the remembrance of thy form, thy virtues, the humanity, and thy passion, ever be erased from the bosom of Isabella?

"No! though the ocean has become thy grave, in this breast thy image will remain till my heart ceases to vibrate!"

The distress of the lady became so great, that Achmet, after he had in vain tried to comfort her, withdrew, commanding her women to attend her, and went to the divan, impressed with emotions of pity at the part of her story which he had heard, and impatient for the remainder.

The next morning Achmet, having some time to spare, sent for Isabella; whom he desired to be seated, and she resumed her story in the following words:

"I was scarcely less watchful of Mr. Dalton and Madame Piaffer, than they were over me; the former treated me with a sullen kind of respect, and the latter with an overstrained complaisance; I was equally upon my guard against both.

"Left more to myself than I had been, my thoughts were in a great measure occupied by the amiable Englishman, whom gratitude, and perhaps (said she, blushing) a softer passion, continually presented to my mind. The consultations of my two companions (for I will call them friends) were frequent, and I feared they boded me no good; that my fears were not groundless, this letter (said she, taking one from her bosom in a gold case) will convince your highness:

"Will the lovely Isabella listen to the admonition of a real friend? Yes—She surely will, when she is informed, that anxious for her honour and happiness, I have discovered a plot to destroy both. You will not be much surprised, that the authors of it, are Mr D—— and Madame P——, whose characters have by me been developed, very little to their credit.

"The city of Rome they think too public to be the scene of their infernal machinations; a tour to Florence will be proposed to you, and upon the certainty of that being done, I stake the reputation of this epistle. A house is provided in a sequestrated situation, near the banks of the river Arno; where that ruin, which I had once the good fortune to prevent, will be accomplished.

"Shall I again rescue you? If I do, I must inform you, that I expect your hand as a reward, and see no other means by which I can be legally entitled to become your protector.

"Though of a noble family, and heir to a considerable estate in England, I should not take advantage of your distress, nor so abruptly proclaim to lay myself and fortune at your feet, did not the present situation of affairs require you to take a decided part. That I have long loved you: that I have followed you like your shade, and silently adored you, cannot have escaped your observation; that I have watched over you, like your guardian angel, will perhaps, in your generous mind, be deemed a merit; but it would have been kept a secret from you, did not the present hour warrant a suspension of form, in order to secure your honour, and my happiness.

"If you see any reason to leave the house of Madame P——, you will endeavour to be in the garden about eight o'clock this evening, when you will be convinced of the love, honour, and sincere attachment of your

FREDERICK BERKLEY."

"The sensations with which I read this letter, will be more easily conceived by your highness, than they can be expressed by me; with respect to the intimation contained in it, I found it literally true; the journey to Florence was proposed by Madame Piaffer, and acceded to by Mr. Dalton; I heard it with the utmost trepidation, and as it was to take place early the next morning; I left the room, under pretence of retiring to my chamber to make preparations. When I had gained the staircase, I stood a considerable time hesitating, whether to go up or descend, when the loud voice of Dalton, as I thought, approaching, turned the balance, I flew into the garden, and was met by Frederick, who, with the assistance of a friend, hurried me along the walk, and through the back gate, which was wide open: they lifted me into a carriage which was in waiting, and we flew like lightning. In this whirl of confusion, we must have proceeded several miles, before I had an opportunity to recollect myself, when I did, not all the soothing of my lover could reconcile me to my fate; I began to repent my temerity, and to fear, that I had exchanged one dangerous situation for an another, perhaps for a worse.

"To dissipate these fears, which were not unobserved by Frederick, he informed me that one of the gentlemen in the carriage was a clergyman, and chaplain to an English nobleman then at Naples, whither he was travelling to join him, and the other was his own brother, that he hoped, as soon as we arrived at Benevento, I would suffer the ceremony to be performed, by which he claimed my hand, as a reward for his knight errantry.

"As I had no alternative, I consented, and when we came to the town, we were married, first, according to the Roman Catholic form, and afterwards by the gentleman who travelled with us.

"Young Mr. Berkley and his companion stayed with us but a few hours after our nuptials, having proceeded to Naples, whither in a short time we followed. It is needless to say I was charmed with that city, in which we resided many months, being introduced to the principal nobility, presented at court, and sharing in all the pleasures that luxurious region afforded.

It was in this season of love and gaiety, that I fancied all the joys, which my early excursive ideas had painted upon my mind, were realized. Weeks, months, flew like lightning—in the arms of Frederick, all former disagreeable occurrences, nay, even Dalton and his companion were forgotten.

(To be continued.)

Printed and Published by
WILLIAM T. PALMER,
No. 77, CHESNUT-STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.